

A

# REVIEW

## OF THE

# STATE

## OF THE

# BRITISH NATION.

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Saturday, September 27. 1797.

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**M**ore Discouragements! More bad News! More Disappointments! Our Hearts are quite broke now. — This canting Fellow in his *Review* bids us not be discourag'd, and tells us of ravaging *France*, passing the *Rhose*, raising Contributions, and such like *Whims* and *Rhodomontades* of his own; and all this while we are running away as fast as we can, and have the *French* at our Heels. — And yet he calls us victorious and superiour; if we do not laugh at him, all the World will laugh at us.

Well, Gentlemen, and has not this been your Language now upon the late *Reviews*, and the present Posture of Affairs? — And yet I say, there is no Cause to be discouraged; and I leave this to the Issue. — And without the Spirit of Prophecy, I lay this

down as an Affirmative, which I am satisfied, I shall never have Reason to be ashamed of. — Let the Emperor have no more Diversions. — Let Prince Eugene have his compleat Forces together; and his *Neapolitan Army*; most of which, that Kingdom being now reduc'd, may be spard; and you shall find, the *French* shall not stand before him yet, nor be able to defend their own Frontiers.

Prince Eugene is retreated, broken, and shatter'd from *Thoulon*. — Well, if so broken and shatter'd, why did ye not fall upon him in his Marches? Why did not the victorious *French* charge his Rear, or assault his Flanks? Certainly, either he was not so broken and shatter'd, or the *Marschal De Besse* can give but a very ill Account of himself.

And

And to examine a little this Matter, why did the Imperial Army retreat out of *Provence*, I am clear in this—Not for Fear of being fallen upon or beaten by the *French*; for they had 16000 Men in *Piedmont*, they could have called to joyn them, and our Accounts say, 8000 actually met them, and with that Assistance the *French* would never have bid them Battle—But depending upon the Fleet for their Supply in the Siege, which was their proper Design, they had erected no Magazines, had no Recourse, settled no Place of Arms, nor made the necessary Preparations for subsisting in an Enemies Country.

This, I presume, will be allow'd to be a good Reason, why they could not press upward at this Time: But let us patiently view the State of Affairs there, and compare them with what has been, and you will soon see, there is no Occasion for such melancholy, fligmatick Reflections, as our Enemies every Day suggest to us.

Pray, let such People look back to the Beginning of the last Campaign, Prince *Eugene* on the remotest Part of *Lombardy* beyond the *Adda*, the Duke de *Vendosme* encamp'd on the hither side, fortify'd, entrenched and superiour in Number; at the same time look behind him; the Duke de *Fenillade* besieging the Duke of *Savoy's* Capital City, the Duke hunted like a Partridge upon the Mountains, his Family driven out of their Country, and fain to take Sanctuary at *Genoa*, the City at its last Extremity, and the *Germans* taking a desperate March full of infinite Obstructions, Difficulties and Uncertainties to attempt its Relief, and when they should come up to the Place, have an Army two to one in Number, intrench'd up to the Teeth in fortify'd Lines planted with Cannon.

All this while, Gentlemen, you were not discourag'd, full of Hopes and promising Prefages; And all things answer'd your highest Wishes; nay, more than any body could have suggested, he must have had but a small Share of Modesty, that could have said, he expected such Events as happen'd, and yet you were not discourag'd.

But what's the Matter now? What faint-hearted D—l posses us now? That be-

cause we have not carry'd our Design upon *Thoulon*, must despair, and give it all up once; I tell you, Gentlemen, wise Men and brave Men may run away, but none but Fools despair.

Had the *Mareschal de Tbesse* serv'd the *Germans* before *Thoulon*, as the *Germans* serv'd the Duke of *Orleans* before *Turin*, attack'd him in his Camp, kill'd and taken 13000 of his Men, and 11000 Horses, with all his Cannon, &c. and having quite overthrown him, driven him back over the *Viar* with a few broken Remains. This indeed would have been a melancholy Story, and yet the *French*, you see, were not dismay'd at all this, but piecing up their broken Fortunes, prepare to mend them by Bravery and Fighting—Let us learn of them to be vigilant, swift and undiscouraged.

The *French* bore all the Havock the last Campaign made of them, and the severest Blows that ever Nation felt, and yet lift themselves up again; and here we are terrifying our selves with Negatives, not for being beaten, or having lost this or that, but because we have not gain'd what we would have—Because we have not carry'd our Design, and have not conquer'd what we expected.

This was not King *William's* Way, Gentlemen, if it had, we had long ago been under the *Aegyptian* Servitude of *France*—Where had the Cause been, if King *William* had despair'd, whenever he was overpowered by the *French*; his Resolution to dye in the last Ditch of his Country, always made him like *Aeneas*, rise stronger from a Fall, than he was before it.

In short, he conquer'd the *French* by Perseverance, and by pursuing his End under the most insuperable Difficulties; after every Defeat he grew stronger, after every Loss he doubled, not his Forces only, but his Courage: Thus after the Battle of *Landen*, in which the *French* thought his Power broken, and that the Confederacy had receiv'd a mortal Stab, which it would never recover. The very next Year we find him superiour to the Enemy, and quickly under the Walls of *Namure*.

The Imperial Forces after the Affair of *Thoulon* differ in all these Cases, they have receiv'd



receiv'd no extraordinary Loss, no capital Blow, they have driven the *French* out of *Italy*, and reduced them to the Defensive; we see them now behind their Intrenchments, fortifying passes, and defending their own Frontiers, instead of invading *Italy*—What Occasion then have we to be so melancholy and dejected?

Nor is it so improbable, that we shall yet see the Imperial Troops invading *France*, if not this Season, early the next, and then we shall not see so much Reason for Discouragements; you may see the Approach of it already in the just Apprehensions of the *French*, who are marching their Troops to their Frontiers of *Dauphiné*, and

there we shall soon hear more of them: Let us have Patience, I am perswaded, Prince *Eugene* will give them a Remembrance yet, that shall revive us; and I see no reason to doubt it, if they will but let him have the Troops he us'd to fight with: I confess, I do not expect much from the Duke of *Savoy's* Troops, his Royal Highness is a brave and forward Prince, but his Troops are not equally good with the Imperialists; he deserves to command better Troops, and I believe, will make them as good as they are capable to be; but 'tis the *Swiss* and *Germans* must do his Works, not the *Savoyards* or *Piemontese*.

## MISCELLANEA.

I Cannot dismiss the Story of the War I am now upon, without a little Mirth, and perhaps a very good Use may be made of it too, tho' Part of it be upon our own Misfortunes.

In the publick Prints we have an Account, that his Electoral Highness of *Hannover* is just upon the Point of arriving in the Imperial Army, and that when the *Lunenburgh* and *Prussian* Troops are arriv'd, 'tis hop'd, that Army may be in a Condition to act offensively.

This is a merry Tale, tho' on a melancholy Subject; and particularly when it is enquir'd, whence this is wrote, and the Answer is two-fold.

1. This is wrote from *Frankfort au Main*, dated 16th of *September*, so that the English of this is, that if the Troops arrive, and his Electoral Highness, who must have some Time, and no little Trouble to put such a confused Army into a Condition to act at all—When, I say, about 14 Days are spent in these most necessary things, then, viz. When all the other Armies are going into Winter-Quarters, then they will be in a Posture to act offensively.

2. This is after the *French* have play'd their Game, and had their full Swing in *Germany*, risk'd the Palatinate, lay'd wast

the Country between the *Neckar* and the *Main*, brought the Elector of *Menz*, the Landgrave of *Hesse Darmstat*, the Marquis of *Baden Durlach*, the Princess of *Baden*, the Duke of *Wirtemberg*, and all the County of *Swabia*, to the Mountains of *Tyrol*, under Contribution, and enrich'd the very Exchequer of *France*, with the Wealth of *Germany*. Now they are prepared, and for what, to march most offensively into Winter-Quarters.

I must confess, 'tis pity such a Prince as the Elector of *Hannover*, and a Life we have so much Interest in, should be expos'd to the Hazards of such Management; and the only thing that can justify it, is the Hopes that his great Interest in the Affairs of *Europe*, as well as Prudence and Conduct, will rectify these things, which if not, I shall place them among the Incurables.

The next thing I am to touch at, is a very pleasant Story to be seen in the publick Prints of *Sept. 9th*, written from *Paris*, viz. That an Express from *Spain* has brought Advice, "That on the 27<sup>th</sup> past, the Duke of *Orleans* march'd to forrage a little Vill<sup>e</sup> call'd *Bellayre*, and that the Earl of *Galloway* advanc'd with 56 Squadrons to prevent him; that they engag'd, that

"the

" the *French* routed the *Enemy*, killing  
 " 300, and taking 100 Prisoners, and then  
 " made their Retreat, and was pursued by  
 " the Earl of *Galloway* to the Guard of his  
 " Camp.

This is a true *French* Victory, and it would make any body smile to see, how pleasantly the *French* Writers can paint out a Story; they charg'd the *Enemy* right bravely, and got the Day, and after this Advantage they run away bravely, and were pursued by the vanquished *Enemy* even to their very Camp.

This is just as if they should have written from *Blenheim*, that the *French* Army having fought the *Confederates*, and entirely routed them, retreated afterwards, and were only follow'd by the *Enemy* to the Banks of the *Danube*, where their Horse of the Household marched into the River; that the General thought 'fit for his Security to march into the Duke of *Marlborough's* Coach, and the Infantry very successfully lay'd down their Arms in the Village, and so were only made Prisoners of War.

In all Probability, this Affair at *Belley*, will in its Proportion be just such another kind of Victory, and if it should be so, what a senseless kind of a Representation will this look like, when it shall be read over by the true Account, which we may suppose is a coming by the lame Post?

This gives us good Reason to hope well of the Affair in *Catalognia*; yet if the Account we have stands confirm'd, that 7000 Foot were already sent thither by the *Confederates* at the raising the Siege of *Tboulon*, and that they are to be followed by Troops from *Naples* and *Milan*, to the Number of 12000 Men more; or if they should be but 12000 Foot in all, joyn'd to a Body of 6000 Horse, and the other Forces that Prince has there already. These would set King *Charles* upon his Legs again, and the Duke of *Orleans* may find all his Work to do over again there.

If this Recruit were once landed at *Catalognia*, I shall take it for one of the first Equivalents for the Loss of *Tboulon*, and I am perswaded, the *French* will find harder Work in *Catalognia* yet, than our Fears permit us to imagine.

Mean time, the News of their run-away Victory affords very little Uneasiness to any Body, that thinks of these things according to the Rules of Reason, and deserves, as they relate it, to be only laugh'd at,

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